

## THE DERELICT.

Oh, I am the sovereign of the sea,  
The despot of the deep;  
From pole to pole, where the breakers roll  
My tossing realm doth sweep.

My ensigns, both the flag and the flag,  
I follow in the wake;  
When the tempest rages, my tattered sails  
Flap forth a requiem aëre.

Yet the clipper, fleet on snowy wing,  
The liner, swift and strong;  
The war dog gray on its sudden way  
Yield place when I lurch along.

The captain and his cringing crew  
Go white beneath the red;  
As I roll near, they know the fear  
Of Davy Jones' bed.

The flagship of the graveyard fleet  
That haunts the salt highway,  
I ask no fee, right merrily  
I bring death and dismay.

— M. W. Poel in New York Sun.

## Delia and the Scotchman.

### A STORY OF MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

Before breakfast that morning Delia's voice summoned me into the kitchen. I make a point of always obeying Delia, and I went.

Delia pushed me in front of the dresser, stretched out both hands and said ecstatically, "Look!"

I looked, but I did not know what on earth to look for. There was no speck of dust on the dresser, and it was wonderfully tidy. So I thought that Delia had been scrubbing it herself in a fit of repentance. Our servant has an artistic nature and is an enemy of all dirt and disorder.

"Well, it does look nice and clean," said I, with enthusiasm.

"How very dense you are!" said Delia. "I had said the wrong thing as usual. She clambered on to a chair and took down an enormous plate from the top shelf of the dresser. The plate was in gorgeous colors and represented a yellow dragon playing on a red field. Delia held it up for my admiration.

"Now that is pretty," I said, nodding my head wisely.

"I'm so glad you like it," said Delia. "Isn't it sweet? I bought it for a sailing in the lanes. At Jackson's sale they've got some at four and eleven that are not half so big."

I turned the thing over in my hands. "But it's cracked all down the back," I said.

"I'm sure it isn't," Delia snatched it from me. "It's only just a little tiny split in the surface." And she replaced it on the shelf.

I mention all this because it was the beginning of Delia's bad temper. She had not intended that I should observe the crack in her bargain.

We went in to breakfast. One of the letters on the table was an invitation for Delia and myself from an uncle of mine—an influential and enormously rich uncle, of course. They always are.

"Of course we'll go," said Delia. "You don't know how much he may be able to help you."

I should mention that I am engaged in making a career, but I was pained by Delia's insinuation.

"My dear Delia," said I, "I regret that you should make any observation of that kind. If we go, we go for the enjoyment of his company and nothing else."

"How good we're getting!" said Delia. Then Delia announced her intention of taking her jewels with her. She has rather a valuable collection, what with wedding presents and one thing and another.

"Of course I shall take them," she said, with her head in the air when I tried to dissuade her. "Do you think I'm not going to look nice when we stay with your uncle?"

"My dear Delia," I said again, "you would look nice under any circumstances."

I rather flattered myself at the policy of that speech, but Delia was not appeased and would not be dissuaded.

"Very well," said I resignedly. "Have your own way."

Delia had her own way. She generally does.

We traveled first for the sake of appearance. It would never do to let my uncle think that we generally went second class. Besides my own luggage, I took a good sized bag in the carriage with us, and at the bottom of that was a small hand bag with Delia's jewels. Delia thought that way was safer.

The train was just starting when an old gentleman climbed painfully into our carriage. He was peculiarly dressed in a very loud check ulster, and he wore a Tam O'Shanter cap with two ribbons hanging down at the back. He had white hair and a white beard and fierce eyes. I was almost afraid of him, but Delia whispered, "What a nice old gentleman!" as he sat down in the opposite corner.

The three of us sat in strained silence for a long time. Suddenly the old gentleman grunted "Stuffy!" and looked round at us.

"Stuffy!" he grunted again, and then he asked Delia very politely if she would mind him pulling the window down.

Delia didn't mind, and we got into conversation with the old gentleman. He was a Scotchman going back to his home in the north. His name was McColin—Colin McColin of Seigel's Brae.

As he began talking about the things we had experienced lately. The people of his district had suffered severely. Their boats had gone and not returned, and the families were destitute. When he grew more kindling, he told us that as a matter of fact he was just returning from business in connection with these accidents, for which he had been organizing subscriptions. Immediately after

ward he seemed very sorry that he had let the secret out.

Delia had tears in her eyes, and I blew my nose. Delia kept on nudging my arm. I could not understand why at first, but presently I did.

"If you would permit me," said I (Delia was nudging my arm all the time), "to offer if you would accept a trifle from us toward helping—these—"

"My dear sir," interrupted Colin McColin, "I could not possibly allow you to do such a thing."

"But the poor people must be so unhappy," said Delia, "and we would be only too glad."

"I am delighted to meet with such sympathy," said the old gentleman. "But it is really quite impossible."

He began to talk of something else. But Delia asked him again, and in the end he said that he had never been able to refuse a lady. That is just what I think about Delia. So in the end we wrote our names on a piece of paper, and he accepted something for the fishermen, and just as he thanked us and put the slip of paper back into his pocket the train drew up to its first halt.

"We stop here ten minutes," said the old gentleman. Delia said that she should like a cup of coffee. She glanced up at the bag on the rack as she left the carriage.

"Oh, I'll look after your luggage," said Colin McColin. "I shan't get out."

"Thank you so much," said Delia very sweetly.

The buffet was at the other end of the platform. The coffee was not nice, and it was very hot, but it is not wise to drink out of the saucer under the withering eyes of a railway refreshment maid.

"Besides," said Delia, reading my thoughts—"besides, there's heaps of time."

"You say so?" I retorted.

"And, again," said Delia, "drinking coffee is an art."

"Losing trains is also an art," I observed.

"What an old silly you are!" said Delia. "Didn't Mr. Mac—what was it, Jack?"

"McColin," said I. "It's not a name you could easily forget."

"He said there was a wait of ten minutes."

"Let's hope he told the truth."

"Jack," said Delia, "I'm sure there never was such a nice old man. Men are always so dreadfully suspicious."

I swallowed my coffee desperately. It was unpleasant and very hot, and it burned my throat.

"Do hurry up," I said to Delia rather irritably, "or leave your coffee! We shall certainly miss the train."

"I'm not going to be wasteful," said Delia. She grasped the handle of the cup courageously. She was lifting it to her lips when a shout startled me, and I sprang through the swing doors just in time to see our end of the train moving rapidly by me. The old gentleman was leaning out of the window and waving his arms. He shouted as he saw me standing at the doors.

"I'll put your bag down at the next station!" he cried. "The next station!" he shouted from the distance.

Delia came leisurely on to the platform.

"What horrid coffee that was!" said she and waved her handkerchief in farewell to McColin, still leaning out of the carriage window. "How very fortunate that he should be there to look after the bag—my jewels and all!" she finished in a kind of gasp.

"Very lucky," I said.

But somehow I began to feel dubious.

There was 35 minutes before the next train stopped at the station and we could continue our journey. At the next station I inquired after the bag, but the officials at the cloakroom knew nothing whatever of the old gentleman or the bag. When I explained this to Delia, I am afraid that she lost her temper for the second time that week.

"Men are so stupid!" said she after some time. "To be taken in like that!"

I reminded her gently but emphatically that if I had had my way she would not have taken her jewels. It was the last we ever saw of them or of that very nice old gentleman, Colin McColin of Seigel's Brae.

When Delia tells this story, she says it was £3 that I gave to Colin McColin for his distressed fishermen. I am quite sure it was not half as much as that. Though I was rather cross over the occurrence at the time, I think it was a lesson for Delia.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

**How Painter Lawrence Got His Start.**

Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of the great portrait painters in England. His parents were poor, his father being a country innkeeper. One day Lord Shaftesbury's father and mother stopped at the inn, having their young son, the future lord, with them. In conversation the innkeeper spoke of the genius of his boy in drawing and wished them to test it by a picture of their son. They assented, thinking to gratify a father's pride, but not looking for any evidence of superior talent.

The boy came in modestly with chalk and paper and in a few minutes had drawn a picture of their son, on which the parents looked with wonder. They recognized the genius and promise of future greatness and befriended the young artist, giving him the help needed to develop his wonderful gift.

**Submarine Capers.**

Neptune spoke quite sharply.

"What in the name of all the gods at once," he demanded, "is that man in the diving bell hanging around here for?"

The mermaids stammered and hesitated.

"If I catch him here again," continued the angry god, "I will cut his air."

The mermaids knew that Neptune was no harber and lost no time in warning the stranger of the danger which threatened his air-pipe.—New York Marine Journal.

**Malay Superstition.**

Malays have very much the same ideas of bad and good luck signs as prevail in other countries. If one trips on the steps of his house or knocks his head against the lintel when starting for a journey he delays a day, if possible, for the accident portends death. Fearful ill luck will attend a native who starts on a journey in the rain, for the rain signifies tears. As a swarm of bees settling on or near a house in England brings good luck, so the result is the very opposite in Malay districts. A bird flying into a Malay house decidedly benefits the occupier, for, if caught, smeared with oil and commanded to fly away with all the ill luck and misfortunes of the house, all will be well.

In Singapore we see Malay cottages around us, here and there, yet few know the superstitions prevailing with regard to the building of these habitations. For instance, if the steps in front are by an unlucky chance placed exactly under the center rafters it will mean quarrels and fighting under the roof. A visitor to one of these dwellings must never lean against the steps when talking. That would entail a funeral from the house. This weird notion arises from the fact that coffins are handed to men at the bottom of the steps.—London Times

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## SEWER BIDS.

BOROUGH OF GLEN RIDGE.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Borough Council of the Borough of Glen Ridge for the construction of an eight-inch earthen pipe sewer in the following street in the Borough of Glen Ridge: Baldwin Street, from Essex Avenue to Clinton Road; said sewer shall be constructed under the direction of the Committee of the Council on Sewers and the Borough Engineer.

All bids must be made on blanks furnished by the Borough Clerk or Engineer, and said bids must be accompanied by a certified check for five per cent. of the cost of the work or plans, profiles and specifications may be seen at the office of the Borough Clerk at Glen Ridge and at the office of F. W. Crane, Borough Engineer, in the Crane Building, Montclair.

The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

All bids must be delivered to the Borough Clerk at eight (8) o'clock P. M. on the 26th day of April, 1904, at the Council room in the Fire House on Herman Street, Glen Ridge, N. J.

CLARENCE PLACK, Borough Clerk.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**—In Chancery of New Jersey. Between The Bloomfield Savings Institution, complainant, and Lawrence E. Blake et al, defendants. Pl. in, for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the court house in Newark, on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of May next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Bloomfield, Essex county, New Jersey.

Beginning in the westerly line of Glenwood Avenue at a point therein distant northerly twenty-five and one-hundredths feet from the corner formed by the intersection of the said westerly line of Glenwood Avenue with the northerly line of Llewellyn Avenue; thence (1) southerly along the westerly line of Glenwood Avenue twenty-five and one-hundredths feet to the northerly line of Llewellyn Avenue; thence (2) westerly along the northerly line of said Avenue one hundred feet; thence (3) southerly and parallel with the first course twenty-five and one-hundredths feet to Glenwood Avenue; thence (4) easterly one hundred and forty-three hundredths feet to Glenwood Avenue; west line and place of beginning; lot number one on a map of the People's Park, Newark, N. J., April 18, 1904.

WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff. (N. J.)

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Spring Hinges, pair, 9c	Coat Hooks, per dozen, 10c	Gas Plates, up from 1.19	Parlor Brooms, up from 25c
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Screw Wrench, up from 29c	Stove Mits, each 9c	Carpet Sweepers, up from 95c	Garden Rake, up from 19c
Window Screens, up from 25c	Lawn Mower—Dewey Lawn Mower, 4 sizes, choice 3.49	Knife Box, up from 12c	Hatchets, up from 25c
Knock Down Window Frames, each, 19c	Staff Churns, up from 1.05	Clothes Line, 50 feet, 15c	Hand Saw, up from 29c
Grass Hooks, up from 29c	Ice Chipper, each 39c	Ice Cream Dish, up from 10c	Cylinder Churns, up from 2.25
Stone Jugs, up from 10c	Yellow Butter Jar, up from 10c	Coat Hanger, each 5c	Wash Boilers, up from 89c
Steel Hammer, up from 39c	Flour Sifter, up from 10c	Medallion Jug, up from 10c	Ironing Table, up from 95c
Hose and Reel, 50-ft. garden hose complete, 5.98	Ice Chest, up from 6.19	Wire Doors, Screen Doors, 6 sizes, each 79c	Glass Pitcher, up from 15c
White Pitchers, up from 11c	Washing Machine, up from 2.95	Step Chairs, each 1.19	Saw Buck, each, 29c
Stone Pitcher, up from 12c	Window Brush, up from 45c	Nest Boxes, up from 39c	Bean Pot, up from 10c
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Clothes Horse, each 75c	Sad Irons, up from 16c	Pruning Shears, up from 19c	Buck Saws, up from 49c
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Portrait of a man, likely a historical figure or a person of interest mentioned in the text.